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Terrible Outrages Against Justice, Reason and the American Constitution The Fight Against Free Speech at Spokane Becomes Unspeakably Brutal and Criminal on the Part of Public Officials

We admit that the thing looks upon its face utterly impossible in "free America." We could not at first believe the stories that came from Spokane by letters, circulars and newspapers describing the wholesale outrages committed in the name of law against the Industrial Workers of the World and the Socialists who, as inoffensively as the nature of the case permits, have insisted upon their constitutional and natural right to speak to people upon the streets their message of emancipation. But we have had too much direct testimony and too many trustworthy accounts by official circulars and newspapers whose reporters were on the ground to doubt the terrible story any longer. **AND WE CANNOT BE SILENT.**

When in a land claiming to be even half civilized hundreds of men and women are imprisoned without room to turn around, without any human toilet conveniences, without fire and without food, just because they insist upon preaching their "Good News to the Poor" upon the streets, while rich bank wreckers and thieves are not even sent to jail, the calmest man must use "intemperate speech."

"Why don't these agitators hire a hall?" Because they cannot afford to, because they could not reach so many people or the same people in a hall, and because they don't have to—it is their constitutional right to use the streets and other public places for speaking so long as they do not obstruct traffic or become a public nuisance.

The corrupt servants of capitalists who disgrace almost every public office in our land are just now making two peculiarly dangerous and audacious attacks upon popular rights and public education. They propose by increasing the postal rates on the one hand, and by increasing the cost of the press on the other, to prevent the people from hearing the message of liberty which crosses business and political graft and at the same time prevent the people from hearing of these things and their remedy freely upon the streets.

AND THE COURSE NOW BEING PURSUED BY THESE CORRUPT SERVANTS OF CAPITALISTS MEANS BLOODY REVOLUTION IN THIS COUNTRY UNLESS THE GENERAL PUBLIC CALLS A HALT TO THEIR OFFICIAL TREASON AND OUTLAWRY BY VERBAL PROTEST AND BY MULTITUDES OF BALLOTS.

We will permit our comrades at Spokane to tell their story in their own words.

The Situation in General

The following account is from a comrade we know who is upon the ground and who has suffered much:

The readers of the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST probably know that a terrible conflict is being waged by the Socialists, the members of the Industrial Workers of the World and other labor bodies for free speech, free press and free assembly in the city of Spokane, Washington. This conflict started on the 2d of November as a result of two street-speaking ordinances. The first passed in December, 1908, prohibiting all street meetings; the second in August, 1909, making an exception of religious organizations. *Working-men in the Northwest feel that this is an unconstitutional discrimination against those who would educate their class.* The employment agents' district is the one to which this prohibition directly applies, and it is the common belief that the ordinances were passed at the behest of the employment agents because the I. W. W. speakers were educating the men not to buy fictitious jobs and be fleeced of their hard-earned savings. Judge S. A. Mann expressed from the bench the opinion, "All this trouble is caused by the employment agents."

The second ordinance was declared unconstitutional by Judge S. A. Mann on Nov. 2, not only because of its class character, but also because of its absolutely prohibitive clause, yet hundreds of men have been arrested charged with violating first the street-speaking ordinances, and then the charge was changed at the request of Judge Mann to one of violating the disorderly conduct ordinance. He expressed on Nov. 2 the opinion that free speech is God-given and inalienable, yet started on Nov. 3 to sentence men to thirty days on the rock pile for exercising this same right.

Some three hundred men have been arrested, have suffered the tortures of the sweat box, alternated with an ice-cold cell; have been put through the third degree by a merciless chief of police and prosecuting attorney, have been forced one at a time through a line-up of six to eight police officers and beaten, kicked and abused by them; have been placed on bread and water and sent to an empty schoolhouse and a United States fort guardhouse, where they

were kept for days unprovided with either blankets or fuel—this because they believed the Constitution of the United States means what it says when it declares that the people have the right to peaceably assemble.

The *Industrial Worker*, the weekly organ of the union, was confiscated in the office of the Inland Printing Company by a squad of officers and seven thousand copies destroyed. No legal action was resorted to that it might be proven a libelous or incendiary sheet, but the "mailed fist of the law" descended heavily and crushed free press. The union hall was raided by a squad of officers, who drove the members out with clubs and did not hesitate to kick or beat them when they didn't hustle quick enough out of their own headquarters that they had paid rent for till Jan. 1, 1910. The "defenders of law" and order never made the slightest attempt to prove that the I. W. W. Hall was an improper place, that it came under the disorderly house regulations or any regulation of the sort. They simply closed the hall by force of might, smashed the furniture, tore up and destroyed the literature and helped themselves freely at the cigar stand.

Every other hall in town is closed by virtue of the fact that the proprietors have been intimidated by the police and are afraid to rent to Socialists or Unionists. Last Sunday night the Socialist Local was notified to move from the Oliver Hall, one that they had had for over six years, because they extended the courtesy of their platform to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn to speak on industrial unionism. This is but the briefest synopsis of the many outrages that have been heaped upon the revolutionary men and women of the Northwest. *Special Spokane Correspondent.*

A Gruesome Record

The Diary of James Stark while confined in the Spokane prisons for violating the order against Free Speech:

On the 10th day of November I was arrested on the street in Spokane, Wash., for trying to exercise my constitutional right of Free Speech. I had said but a few words when I was arrested and taken to the city jail. There I was searched, and everything I had on me, including toothbrush, comb and tobacco, was taken away from me by the police. There were nine men arrested with me. As we were passing from the sergeant's desk to the cell I noticed that some of the men were very bloody. There were six or eight policemen who got in our way, and they started to slug and kick us. I noticed after getting into the cell that some of the men that were covered with blood had their teeth kicked out, eyes blackened and clothes torn.

There were twenty-eight men in the receiving cell, which was seven by eight feet in dimensions. The men were packed in so tight that it took the strength of four policemen to close the cell door.

At 10 o'clock the same night they took us out of that cell and put ten or twelve of us in other cells of the same size. These cells had four hammocks in them, so that it was impossible for more than four to lie down and rest.

Nov. 11. They brought in food which we refused, as we knew that they were starving the boys at Fort Wright and at the Franklin School. We expected to get trial to-day, but the cases are continued to Nov. 16.

Nov. 12. More boys coming into jail. No food yet. We are all in good spirits and singing revolutionary songs. It is impossible to think, owing to the singing.

Nov. 13. Knowing that an infant had been killed on the street by the use of the fire hose, we were asking, "Who killed the baby?" All of the boys would answer, "Chief Sullivan." Sullivan was showing some of the upper-ten ladies through the jail when these questions were showered at him. Tonight, the 13th, Sullivan made a speech, and said: "If you (words too foul to print—Ed.) don't quit using that gag, I'll put every one of you in the sweat box, and keep you there until you eat out of my hand."

Nov. 16. Was tried this morning, and was not permitted to say a word in my own behalf. Was given thirty days by Judge Mann.

Nov. 17. Taken to the Franklin Schoolhouse. Rather like the change, as I have a chance to walk around.

Nov. 18. Many of the boys are getting weak from starvation. Only getting one-third of a small baker's loaf twice a day.

Nov. 19. Some of the boys are too weak to stand up this morning. Fellow Worker Blake is very sick.

Nov. 20. Hunger pangs getting fierce. Some of the boys are cramped very badly. We ask for a doctor for Fellow Worker Blake. None arrived.

Nov. 21. Fellow Worker Blake very bad, and we gave him up for dead this morning. No pulse and very cold. Patrol wagon comes after Fellow Worker Blake, after hours of pleading with the guards. They say they are taking him to the hospital in the city jail. Signs of scurvy appearing to-day.

Nov. 22. They have taken three of the boys to the hospital to-day.

Nov. 23. More boys coming in from the city jail, which cheers us all up. They are able to sing. Those who are in ten days are too weak to sing.

Nov. 24. Police wants us to carry wood from the crematory, a block away, and we refuse, as we are too weak to carry wood. They get a dray and draw the wood.

Nov. 25. Thanksgiving day. We have lots of turkey and chicken, but it was put on the blackboard of the school by those who are lately arrested. There are lots of sketch artists among the new arrivals. Our food to-day is old, sour bread. Three more have been taken to hospital.

Nov. 26. Gordon very weak. Can hardly talk. Doctor refuses to send him to the hospital, telling him he has had one chance.

Nov. 27. Hunger felt worse and worse. The whole subject of conversation is, what we will eat when we get out. Some of the men have their time about in. More go to hospital to-day.

Nov. 28. Guards want us to carry wood again. We refuse. They keep us without wood all night. The weather is bitter cold. No covering for any.

Nov. 29. Fifteen more of the men very sick, and ask to go to hospital. They are all refused, yet are very sick.

Nov. 30. Fellow Worker Gordon seen by doctor this morning. Doctor told him not to talk, or he would lose his voice. He is not able to talk. We got a half pound of tobacco from the outside and a note. Tobacco cheers many up. All are in better spirits, but too weak to walk.

Dec. 1. Took Fellow Worker Gordon and three others to the hospital this morning. As I was cutting wood for the stoves, a Washington Water Power conductor jeered at me.

Dec. 2. The doctor will not take anyone to the hospital. There are a number of sick men.

Dec. 4. Fellow Worker F. W. Krell carried out of the room to-day. He is too weak to walk. Nothing the matter but starvation. The doctor and some city officials are around this morning. Doctor told me that there are eight or ten cases of scurvy among the men so far. Spaulding and Hansen taken to the hospital, too weak to walk.

Dec. 5. Four more men taken to the hospital to-day. Looks like a good many will pay the death penalty if something is not done soon.

Dec. 6. This morning thirty men up for sick call. Nine of them are carried out of the room too weak to walk, myself included. Starvation and scurvy is all that ails us. Bowels of some of the men have not acted in twenty days.

Dec. 7. I awake this morning to find myself in the so-called hospital; a vermin-infested cell in the city jail. Spaulding, Gordon, Allen and myself in a cell seven by eight feet. We have nothing to lie on during the daytime but the bare grates of a cot. They take our mattress and quilt away at 8 a. m., and we don't get it back until 5 of night. The cell is as cold as a refrigerator. The window is open and I am informed that it is sore weather outside.

Dec. 8. My time is not up, but am turned out with thirty-six others to make room for more from the school. Am closing the record. Am too weak to walk. Some of the men who had money and trinkets on them when arrested cannot get them from the police. On insisting to get the property back, the police threaten to put us all back in jail. Many have to be carried to the hall.

Why a Labor Paper Was Suppressed Without Form of Law

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, one of the youngest, most brilliant, eloquent and beloved of all the women who are giving themselves to the cause of Labor in America, wife of an active organizer and just now about to become a mother, was arrested for "conspiracy" without a warrant because she assisted in editing the *Industrial Worker* while its editor was in jail. A partial account of her experiences (as given below) was printed in the *Industrial Worker*; and, instead of causing the punishment of guilty jail officials, was used as a lawless pretext for the suppression of the *Industrial Worker* by the police:

State of Washington, County of Spokane—ss:
Elizabeth Flynn Jones, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says:

On Tuesday, Nov. 30, at about 6 o'clock, I

walking towards the I. W. W. Hall. As I reached the corner of Stevens and Front I was accosted by Officer Bill Shannon with the demand: "Are you Miss Flynn?" I replied, "Yes," whereupon he grunted, "Well, we want you." I asked, "Have you a warrant?" "Naw, we haven't," he rejoined, when the other officer stepped up and remarked, "There is one at the station." I accompanied them to the police station, where I was booked and a warrant read for criminal conspiracy. I was then taken to the chief's office, where the prosecuting attorney, Pugh, put me through the "third degree." Mr. Moore, attorney for the I. W. W., came to the door and asked for the chief, demanding to see me, but they unceremoniously slammed the door in his face. The chief said, "Let him wait till we get through." At the same time there were present, beside the chief and prosecuting attorney, Commissioner Tuerke, a stenographer and several officials unknown to me. I refused to answer the prosecuting attorney when he fired the first question, saying, "I don't know who you are." Indignantly the chief introduced us with necessary formality: "This is the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Pugh, Miss Flynn, the I. W. W. organizer." They were all extremely courteous, probably due to the information conveyed to them over the phone that my physical condition was such that it would be dangerous to be otherwise. But the ordeal of a rapid-firing of questioning is not as easy as it looks from the outside. Every trick known to a shyster lawyer is resorted to. Every appeal made to the honesty, sincerity and truthfulness of the average citizen indicated that the questioners had no respect for themselves. Frankly the only mistake I made was to talk at all, but what I "forgot," "refused to answer," "didn't remember" and "couldn't recall" would fill a book. A man they would have put in a sweat box and broken his physique and spirit and eventually got him so faint and sick that he wouldn't know what he was saying.

The idea of the third degree is evident, namely, to trap you into attempting to prove yourself innocent, into forgetting that it is up to them to prove you guilty. Some of the cross-questions were entirely humorous. For instance, Mr. Pugh remarked: "You know it is useless denying what is an apparent fact, easily proven by scores of witnesses;" to which I retorted: "Well, why do you ask me so many questions about an apparent fact?" The chief of police was anxious to know if Katherine Flynn, who signed the Irish Socialist communication, happened to be any relation of mine. Irish on both sides of this fight annoys the chief in the face of his assertion that we are all foreigners.

With an assumption of innocence Pugh asked: "Who are the Executive Committee and who handles the finances?" The first I didn't know, the second I refused to answer. He asked: "Do you know?" and I answered, "Of course I know." And he asked: "You refuse to answer?" I said: "I certainly do." He asked: "Did you say so and so in your speeches?" To which I replied: "I talked so much I don't know what I said." They all gave him the laugh, and he asked if that statement wouldn't probably, if published, injure my reputation as a speaker. Anxious he was for me to maintain my standard as an agitator, indeed! Finally he said, with a very smooth preliminary about not caring to prosecute a woman, that I might go if I would state that I had no connection with the free speech fight, was not in sympathy with the tactics of the I. W. W., and had not induced men to go to jail. I refused to either deny or affirm, declined to be tried and found guilty or judged innocent in the chief's office, and that settled me.

I was allowed to see Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers in the chief's office, after which I was taken to the county jail in the patrol wagon. The morning Spokesman-Review had a story that I had requested to be taken across the river in a hack. The idea never occurred to me, and if it had I would have known better than to lay myself open to being refused. The Review lied, as usual.

I was placed in the cell with two other women, poor, miserable specimens of society. One woman is being held on a charge that her husband put her in a disorderly house. The other is serving ninety days for robbing a man in a disreputable resort in Spokane. Never before had I come in contact with women of that type, and they were interesting. Also I was glad to be with them, for in a jail one is always safer with others than alone. One of the worst features of being locked up is a terrible feeling of insecurity of being at the mercy of men you do not trust a moment day or night, unable to defend yourself or call for help. These miserable outcasts of society did everything in their power to make me comfortable. One gave me the spread and pillow cover from her own bed when she saw my disgust at the dirty gray blankets. I could not eat the heavy, soggy food, stews, etc., nor drink the terrible stuff they called coffee, but the girls gave me fruit that had been sent in to them. They moderate their language, apologize for their profanity and pathetically try to conform to some of the standards of decency when they see that you are "different." They have been so accustomed to being ill-used and brow-beaten they rather expect it, yet become indignant when it is done to another. In the morning they gave me soap and clean towels, that I might not have to use common soap or dirty jail towels.

The jailers are on terms of disgusting familiarity with these women, probably because the latter cannot help themselves or don't care. Imprisonment does not seem to have any horrors for them. Content to sleep and eat, they seem as happy in jail as out. They are unconscious of their degradation and solicit no sympathy. Perhaps they shouldn't be conscious, as society is to blame, and not they.

I was put in with them at about 11 o'clock, yet the lights were burning brightly and they showed no sign of retiring. Three little iron beds were the furnishings of our sleeping facilities, so I threw my cloak over me and tried to sleep. The younger girl still remained up, though she turned the light down that I might rest, several times as she went to and fro asking if she disturbed me. Finally the jailer came, opened the cell door and took her out. She remained a long time, and when she returned I gathered from a whispered conversation with the older one the following: That he had taken her down to see a man on the floor below, a "sweetheart" she called him to me afterwards. She went again and remained a long time, and whispering told the other woman on her return that "Bert" (I judged to be the jailer) would have brought "Jack" up but for this woman—indicating me. "They don't trust her," she said. Perhaps I am carrying out her suspicion in writing this. But the whole performance bore the earmarks to me of a putrid state of morals inside the county jail of Spokane. Taking a woman prisoner out of her cell at the dead hours of night several times to visit sweethearts looked to me as if she were practicing her profession inside of jail as well as out! And what particular interest did this man "Bert," so intimately designated by his first name, have in the matter? It would bear investigation. Readers may well imagine the horrible night of restlessness I put in.

Early in the morning a man by the name of Bleglow, jailer, I presume, came into the cell with breakfast. Instead of leaving it in the ante-room of the cell and going about his business he marched straight to the room where we were all still in bed. He laid his cold hand on my cheek and I awoke with a start. My anger blazed up and I said: "Take your hand off of me; I didn't come here to be insulted." He murmured some inarticulate excuse, "Of course not," or words to that effect, and got out.

It certainly is a shame and disgrace to this city that a woman can be arrested because of union difficulties, bonds placed so high that immediate release is impossible, thrown into a county jail where sights and sounds, horrible and immoral and absolutely different from her ordinary, decent mode of life can be forced upon her, her privacy invaded while trying to steal some sleep by a brute of a man in a jail that hasn't attained the ordinary standard of civilization, that requires a matron for the care of women prisoners. This is all for law and order!

"O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Elizabeth Gurley Flynn-Jones.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of December, 1909. Fred M. Moore.

(Seal) Notary Public in and for State of Washington, residing at Spokane, Wash.

Cowardly Ministers Acquiesce

Our special correspondent further declares that the ministers of Spokane are either silent through intimidation, or through ignorance and cowardice are using their influence to create public sentiment against the workers who demand their rights. It is amazing how ignorant some good men manage to remain about important affairs in their own city, and how servile others can be. But surely some ministers of Spokane will soon begin to roar like lions of the Lord against the infamous lawlessness of their city officials. They may be sure that "The Lion of Judah" is on the side of the working people and against the tyrants and grafters.

Our correspondent says:

The first night that the I. W. W. men were in jail twenty-eight of them were crowded into the sweat-box, a cell six by eight, until it took the physical strength of four policemen to close and lock the door. The steam was turned on full blast and the groans and sighs of the suffering men rang out through the city hall and could be heard on the street. Goaded almost to desperation, their friends and sympathizers on the outside felt that an appeal to the humanity of some of Spokane's leading and most distinguished citizens might bring relief to the men. The Reverend W. J. Hindley, pastor of the Congregational church, which boasts of being the richest congregation in Spokane, was called up on the telephone by a Socialist woman, who described the torture these men were being put through in the jail and asked him to use his influence as a Christian minister with the police authorities to have it stopped at once, and this "representative" of the gentle Nazarene who said, "And as ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them likewise," replied that "these men are getting just what they deserve; if you had heard them in their halls as I have heard them you would think so too." A few days after this the Masonic Temple was hired by a committee of the Socialist party, the rent paid in advance and the contract signed. The Reverend W. J. Hindley, a member of the Masonic order in one of its highest degrees, protested vehemently to the house committee, with the result that when the night of the meeting arrived the Socialists found the Temple closed and a squad of police at the doors.

On Nov. 14, two sermons were preached against the I. W. W. The Reverend C. August Peterson spoke at the Norwegian Danish Methodist church as follows: "Muzzle the professional agitator, imported anarchists and irresponsible reformer and we will have peace. . . . Among other causes of discontent is the erroneous doctrine that all wealth is produced by labor; that is a mistake. The brain power that organizes labor, that invents and lays hold of the forces of nature and multiplies the capacity to produce does more. Workingmen, our salvation is not by being a nuisance on the street corners, defying the laws and filling the jails with law-

breakers, but by fitting ourselves to fill the best positions and be true, law-abiding and intelligent citizens." The broadcloth mob instinct hasn't changed much in 1900 years. To-day its "muzzle the agitator," then it was "crucify him, crucify him."

The Reverend Dr. C. Ross Baker of the Emanuel Baptist church spoke as follows: "There could be no uglier thing than the devil fish. It has tentacles for taking in everything within reach, but no hands for giving out. So the human hanger-on is equally ugly and repulsive. He is the octopus of humanity, a vehicle for idle words and mean ignoble thoughts. . . . The agitator who sits back in the I. W. W. hall, supported by the hard earned dollars of many a working man, spending his time in stirring up strife and making men dissatisfied with their station in life, are equally human parasites, and this old world would be much better off without them."

When one remembers that the men referred to as "human hangers-on" are the floating workers of the northwest, the lumberjacks, farm and harvest hands and miners, the men who handle the raw material for food, fuel, shelter and machinery, without whom the manufacturing industries would be tied up within three months' time, the outrage of such remarks is very evident.

The Reverend A. C. Greer, pastor of the Universalist church, a man who is supposed to be a friend of the working man, was approached by a Socialist and a member of the I. W. W., the circumstances in regard to our inability to secure halls explained to him and a request made for the use of his church on some evening when it was not otherwise occupied. He stated quite frankly that while his sympathies were with us, his church was not in a financial position where he or the board of trustees would either care or dare to take a stand. Yet it is such as these who pose as shepherds of the flock and spokesmen of the Lord. It is difficult to understand how they can express themselves as inspired by a divine force when they haven't the courage to express fundamental rights as common ordinary citizens.

One of these ministers complained very bitterly that working men do not go to church, but it is just such incidents as these that drive the working men to union halls and Socialist meetings, where men speak fearlessly in defense of their rights, and away from the ministers who live because others labor, yet who sneer at the very working men without whom they would freeze and starve to death.

Special Spokane Correspondent.
We urge the comrades at Spokane never to give up. They will win if they can hold out faithful. They should personally lay their case fully before every minister and other man of repute in the city. Surely these outrages will yet raise such a storm of protest that their cause will be greatly advanced and the victory for free speech won once for all.

Clerical Oppressors

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Just God!—and these are they
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks—and rob thine own afflicted poor?
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of thine own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate, and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy! is that church, which lends
Strength to the spoiler, thine!

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke!

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!
And in your tasseled pulpits, thank the Lord
That from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And, in thy name, for robbery and wrong
At thy own altars pray?

Is not thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right?

Woe to the priesthood; woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,
The searching truths of God!

A Glance Behind the Curtain To Things as They Really Are

By Rev. William Thurston Brown, Salt Lake City, Utah

The world is slowly discovering to-day that no body of men, no book, no priesthood, no tradition or institution of any kind has any monopoly on religion—that it is as free as the air we breathe; that it is the supreme attribute of the human soul itself; that "the soul is still oracular," and the present is crammed with all the possibilities that imagination ever conjured round the names of Sinai or Calvary.

It is the sad fate of the millions to go blindly over the stage of things without ever a glimmer of knowledge as to the meaning of the drama in which they take a part—mere dumb, driven cattle, content "to keep their sort of animal alive." If a church or a ministry has any mission in the world at all, if there be such a thing as prophecy, its business is to see and proclaim the deeper, larger meaning of this life of ours. Now and then that deeper, larger meaning of the world of human struggle has been dramatized, so dramatized, that there is little excuse for ignorance on the part of any member of the world's leisure classes for not knowing the essence of religion. To the mind of poet and prophet, this deeper, larger meaning is always clear and potent.

Let us think a moment of a picture from history—a picture described in very simple, matter-of-fact language in our New Testament, a picture which, even if it could be proved that the record in which it lies is a fiction, can still be reproduced a hundred times from the indisputable records of the past 1900 years.

Christ Before Pilate

The scene of this picture is an official court room in the capital of Judea nearly nineteen hundred years ago. There are two figures in the picture which it is worth any one's while to see; one is the magistrate on the throne; the other is a plebeian prisoner on trial before him. The magistrate on the throne was the representative of law and authority, of the whole power and meaning of the state. Behind him were not only the will of Caesar and the armies of the Roman Empire, but all the wealth and all the law and tradition and public opinion of existing society. The prisoner in this picture represents no body of people; or, if he does, it is a body of people which is absolutely without power in that empire. But he represents ideas, thoughts, purposes, ideals. Behind him is neither army nor law nor public sentiment nor any other force upon which institutions rest. He represents only a conscience, a vision of the world, a conviction of truth, a passion for justice. He has been a teacher. He has been saying things up and down the highways and byways and in the city streets of that little province. He has been giving utterance to opinions, thoughts, convictions, ideals. Those opinions, thoughts, convictions, ideals have to do immediately with life, with the relation of man to man, with conceptions of religion which no other teacher of his time has uttered, with every custom, law and institution that exists. In words which yet glow and burn and thrill this man has rebuked hypocrisy in the very leaders of church and society—leaders never before suspected of hypocrisy—has denounced the church as an empty shell, has spoken with fearless contempt of one of the corrupt rulers of Palestine—Herod—has maintained an attitude of such fearlessness, such moral superiority, such loftiness of ideal, that friend and foe alike have been compelled to think: "Is this man a king? He speaks with an authority unknown to our scribes. Surely, he is the kingliest man among us."

Most natural was it, therefore, that they who could not meet the transparent truth of his words or measure up to the loftiness of his ideals or hide the meanness or worthlessness of their institutions under the blazing light of his moral vision should at last lay violent hands on him and bring him before the bar of civil authority. And here he is: Jesus, the prisoner, before Pilate, the judge and jury and executioner all in one.

And Pilate, with the unconcealed contempt of the high-bred Roman for any member of the Jewish race, said to the friendless, tired, wornout man before him, with a sneer that can almost be seen and felt 1900 years afterward: "So, you are a king!" And Jesus answers, "You say that I am a king. To this end was I born, and to this end have I come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." And then, if we may credit the story of this event, the very words which are perpetually on the lips of conscious power and authority issue from this Roman magistrate: "Knowest thou not that I have power to release you, and that I have power to crucify you?"

What is the significance of this picture—the significance which is universal and vital and changeless? For what do these two figures in that picture stand, supremely? They stand for two things: on the one side, the might of established things, authority backed and supported by brute force; on the other, the weaponless witness for truth; on the one side, enthroned Yesterday, with all the ruthless momentum of tradition, custom, law, wealth, complacent satisfaction with things as they are; on the other side, To-morrow, without backing of tradition or any such thing—the mere apparition of an awakened soul.

"I have power to let you live, and I have power to kill you," was the sentence which Brute Force that day pronounced on Truth, on Justice. And Truth

that day by the mouth of Jesus—and eternally by the lips and deeds of undaunted Christs of God the world over—declared and ever will declare: "You have no power at all. You are the very embodiment of impotence. You cannot touch the hem of Truth's garment. You have no weapon that can reach any vital part of Justice. It is you, Brute Force, that are weaponless, without armor, without defense. Your armies and navies and courts and customs and laws—what are they before the onward marching feet of Truth, of Justice? They are a shadow, a phantom, a mist. There is no power in the universe but Truth. Truth is God, and beside that God there is no power or authority anywhere. Force is impotent against Truth. Might is helpless before Justice. Truth holds the very constellations in its hand. You are here to-day; you will not be here to-morrow; but Justice is immortal and cannot die."

A few hours after that scene in Pilate's palace, three crosses were seen outside the city walls, and on the middle one hung the mangled body of that prisoner. And all the world of that distant century cried out: "Caesar has triumphed. Law and order are victorious. The Undesirable Citizen is dead. Brute Force is sovereign. Yesterday lives. To-morrow has perished."

So said the contemporaries of Pilate and Jesus, so said the princes and prelates and mighty ones of succeeding generations, and so say their blind and witless posterity to-day in press and pulpit, in counting room and legislative hall, in judicial court and executive mansion: "All hail to victorious and conquering Power! All hail Authority! God is on the side of the biggest battalions! Obsecration to Tradition! Cast your garlands at the feet of the man who wins! Hats off to Success!"

I wonder if we really think that these men of the first century or their kindred in any century are right. World-wide Power, impersonated by the Roman Empire, said: "We have blotted this man from the earth. We have erased him from the slate. He might be king. The empire is God. Its dominion is no longer a fact or a factor in human affairs. everlasting. From its law there is no appeal. A mere insect in a little corner of the earth has been trod upon. A fleck of foam on the current of established things has disappeared. A flickering heresy has been snuffed out, never to glow again."

The Shadow of the Cross

Was that true? What are the facts? If you will let your mind follow the course of history from that day in Pilate's palace down through the next three centuries, you will find that every Roman emperor that ascended the throne found himself face to face with the rising, growing shadow of that prisoner. You will find that from the day Jesus was crucified straight onward to the day Constantine was crowned that empire was engaged in one long attempt to destroy and crush out of existence the swelling multitude of men and women who held Jesus in supreme reverence. Caesarism still held the throne of power, but in every nook and corner of the empire the followers of the man who was crucified multiplied by hundreds, by thousands, by hundreds of thousands. The religious idea that had blossomed from the life and words of Jesus was the one thing that did grow during those three centuries. The power of the Caesars steadily waned. The power of Jesus waxed stronger every hour. It mattered not that Nero and Domitian and Hadrian and Trajan and Severus and Maximus and Valerian and Diocletian and even the greatest of them all, Marcus Aurelius, put to death the Christians in droves as the enemies of mankind. That crusade of extermination was doomed to failure. The whole army of the empire was not large enough to crush out that growing multitude of men and women who shared the faith of Jesus. They did not resort to arms. They did not resist arrest. They resisted nothing. They were the incarnation of physical weakness even when they had become the most numerous religious body in the empire. They knew no weapons except truth and love. They had no defense but truth and justice, and they needed no other. They would have failed with any other. And the day came—as that prisoner at Pilate's bar had seen that it would come—when Brute Force had to give up the struggle, when Caesar had to make terms with Jesus, when physical might could no longer hold its throne except by alliance with the resistless force of that weaponless power. Caesarism could not crush out Christianity as represented by the high moral ideals and the consciousness of truth which those unarmed millions possessed. It could conquer, and it did conquer, only by adopting and then perverting that religion to its own uses. And though it was the end of Christianity as a mighty spiritual force in the world which was registered when Constantine made it the official religion of his empire, that imperial act was the reversal of Pilate's verdict and the confession that Jesus was right.

We have no excuse to-day for not knowing how foolish and false was the creed of Caesarism. Find me one man who knows the name of Tiberius Caesar, and for that one and for every other I will find you a hundred who know far better the name of Jesus. Find me one man who has read or knows or cares anything about the writings of the first Caesar, and I will find you thousands who at least profess to worship the man whom Pilate crucified. We should

not know to-day that such a man as Pilate ever lived, but for the fact that he was the executioner of Jesus. The empire of the Caesars came under the dominion of men who at least professed to revere Jesus as God, and the monuments of Rome's greatness have been built into the walls of churches where he is worshiped.

Think once more of that scene in Pilate's palace. What is the charge? What is the prisoner's plea? And what is the verdict of the judge?

The established order is the plaintiff in that trial, and it is also both jury and judge. And the indictment which it brings against the prisoner is that the course he is pursuing, the ideals he cherishes, the teaching to which he gives utterance, are fatal to the existence of that order. This man is a revolutionist. He is adjudged worthy of death because the triumph of his teaching and the adoption of his principles mean the overthrow of the established order. He has insisted that there is but one law of life: the law of love. All else is outlawry. He has ignored class distinctions. He has insisted that every man is a brother and every woman a sister. He has told men that they are to call no man on earth their master, that no man may justly lord it over his fellows. He has dared to challenge the justice of Force. He has dared to analyze the methods of acquiring property, and to call those methods by their right name, robbery and cannibalism. He has presumed to say that no rich man can enter the kingdom of God. He has cried out against the rich and powerful. He has befriended and cast in his lot with the poor. He has been the voice of all who could not speak for themselves. He has declared that publicans and harlots possess nobler virtues than Pharisees and scribes, than the priests and ministers of conventional religion.

He has sown seeds of discontent among the masses. His teachings are the most revolutionary the world ever heard. No matter what the basis of his teaching is. No matter how righteous or humane his principles. They cannot be tolerated by the existing order. They are inconsistent with its every institution. Slavery—the chief corner stone of Rome's commercial civilization—cannot breathe in the atmosphere of those principles. Tyranny is doomed and damned by them. They are the very antithesis of the powers of the empire. THAT MAN MUST DIE.

To these charges there could be but one plea on the part of the prisoner. Such had certainly been his teaching. He had put himself squarely and absolutely on the platform of love as universal law. Anything else to him was lawlessness. Brute Force was for him a synonym of evil. Only justice could have any authority. Only brotherhood, only the recognition of the familyhood of the world, could survive. No human institution that did not rest squarely on justice, that is not the blossom of love, can live.

But Caesarism could not listen to argument. It never does. It did not nor does it ever consent to the arbitrament of reason and conscience. Its appeal is perpetually to the arbitrament of cold, soulless might. And it crushed the Christ beneath its heel.

But what has it proved? Has it proved that Caesar was right and Jesus was wrong? Has it proved that Brute Force is God and love is senseless folly? I will tell you what it has proved in that contest and in every other, to any man with a vestige of conscience in him. It has proved that Brute Force is everywhere and always embodied lawlessness, incarnate murder, and the very antithesis of God.

Caesar vs. Jesus in History

This little glance at the scene enacted in Jerusalem 1900 years ago and of its sequences is of little value to us unless we discover that in it we have a glimpse of a conflict which is perpetually going on, going on to-day and every day—the only conflict the world can know that it is best worth our while to have a part in. Every human struggle for a right or need of body or soul has been and is essentially this very same thing which stands out so clear in the picture of Pilate and Jesus. Only as we see the historical struggles of the world to be the measuring of strength between mere force on one side and truth or justice on the other can we have any true idea of their meaning. Only so are we put in possession of a criterion with which to measure the moral meaning of what we now see going on about us.

Here are two distinct ways of looking at the world and at life, two distinct judgments on human action. They are the Caesar ideal and the Jesus ideal, the Caesar judgment and the Jesus judgment. Caesarism declares that Force is the only God. We have the power to enact our will: we will therefore enact that will. Caesarism in the first century said: "The ideals taught by this Galilean are inconsistent with the maintenance of the existing order. If this man is permitted to go on his way and teach what he does teach, the empire cannot stand. There isn't room in the same world for Caesarism and the ideals of Jesus. Jesus must die. His ideas must be rooted up."

Later on, that same Caesarism, embodied in a great and powerful church, declared exactly the same sentiments it had expressed by the mouth of Pilate. It said: "Truth is not authority, but authority is truth." And it smothered the voice of Galilee, hounded Bruno to his death, murdered Savonarola, burned Huss and others at the stake, and massacred in the Inquisition hundreds of thousands of men and women who could not accept its soulless creed.

Caesarism again found itself face to face with Jesus in the eighteenth century, when the spirit of Democracy was gripping the souls of men. By the words and deeds of King George and his Tory supporters, it declared that power is the only God, that

all virtue is embodied in obedience to existing government. It branded as rebels and traitors all who presumed to dispute that dictum. It would parley with no one. No man had a right to question its supremacy. To the handful of its subjects on these shores whose souls flamed with the light of a new and vaster truth it said: "There is nothing to be discussed between us. You have no rights which I am bound to respect. This is not a question for argument. Might makes right."

And Truth, which is only Justice's other name, in the persons of our heroic forefathers declared its dissent from that creed. It denied that false doctrine and asserted that no authority can be respected save that which is founded in justice, that no rulership is just save that which springs from the willing consent of the ruled. And the tragedy of Calvary was re-enacted in America in the Revolutionary War. Power sought to crush Justice. Brute Force asserted its title to sovereignty. And the sole claim of the fathers of this republic to immortality or to respect lies in the fact that they refused to accept that sovereignty. In spite of the fact that there were hundreds of men in this country—the wealthy and respectable of every city of the colonies, as vouched for by John Fiske and Woodrow Wilson in their histories—who held to the creed of Force, who believed that might makes right, Caesarism again failed; for there were men here who were willing to die in defense of justice and equality and liberty. Brute Force never once created the spirit of such heroism.

But the flight of years disclosed here in our midst the hideous monster we believed we had crushed in the War for Independence. We found ourselves saying in deeds and institutions and laws, as well as in words: "The black man is an inferior. He was made to serve. The white man belongs to the superior race." He is the more intelligent, the more powerful. The ability is in his hands; let him use it. It is a law of nature and a law of God." He did use it, and slavery became the economic foundation of one-half our nation. Utter weakness was on the side of the blacks. All the resources of government and all the results of culture, all the weight of commercial selfishness, all the wealth and luxury which supported the upper classes, all the influence of our colleges and universities and the spoken or silent support of the great majority of the churches of every name, except one, were on the side of the white, on the side of slavery, on the side of "things as they are." But power which does not rest on justice and truth is a phantom. The demand for freedom and equality before the law had only to be asserted, and asserted by men and women backed by nothing except the justice of their cause, to become irresistible; and a president who took office with the solemn declaration that he would not disturb slavery where it then existed was compelled, against his will or wish, to issue the Emancipation Proclamation.

Capitalism vs. Christ To-Day

And how is it to-day? Where now are the battle lines drawn between Caesarism and Jesus? Is there need to show how we are still enacting that Pilate scene all over the nation? Disguise it as we may, deny it who will, this American nation, the nation of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, of the Declaration of Independence and the Proclamation of Emancipation of Faneuil Hall and the immortal Liberty Bell, has declared and is still declaring the stupid and devilish creed of the right of might. There is no suggestion of justice in the policy of those who rule in this nation toward those who are struggling for rights as sacred as any man has ever striven for. Here is the universal movement of the working class of the world for justice, for a decent living, for even a fair share of the wealth their labor has created, for what by every law of God belongs to them, the latest and most significant movement that human history records. That movement has been met and is being met precisely as that of the American colonists was met by George III. and his Tories, precisely as the cry of the slaves was met half a century ago. Caesarism is as really enthroned in commerce now and here as it was in the Roman Empire 1900 years ago. Commerce to-day is government, imperial, autocratic, irresponsible, unrepresentative. How many of the so-called organs of public opinion, the press of these states, will give room for the free and full discussion of the supreme issue of justice and right in our day? How many of them even tell the truth about the most significant struggle of all history? The vast majority of them are so completely owned by plutocracy that instead of being, as the press was designed and expected by the founders of this nation to be, the bulwarks of freedom, they are almost universally the most powerful defense of a morally colorless Brute Force, the Force of Commercialism.

Caesarism in the first century knew it could keep its throne only by putting to death men like Jesus. Later on, it found it could keep its place only by perverting and so destroying the religion of those who revered Jesus. It would now keep its throne by suppressing those who oppose it, by subsidizing press and pulpit. It would smother the voice of protest. It would drown the voice of conscience. It would silence every true man by calling him names or by starving him into submission.

Think what the spiritual significance of our commercial and industrial combinations is. They stand for nothing but sheer might. They do not argue. They strike. They do not rest their cause on justice, but on force. They are the creations of human beings, but they are as remorseless as an earthquake. Through them one group of men is saying to the rest: "We don't care whether your cause is just or not. That has nothing to do with the case. You are

not dealing with a soul when you deal with us—corporations have no souls. You are dealing with the inescapable. We are the State. We are God."

And when some of us who believe in the possibility of something better, who hold the faith of Jesus, the faith that the world is one family and can therefore have no just law except the law of equal opportunity—when we presume to question the right of this soulless system and say: "This is a matter for all to solve together. These institutions affect us all. Let us open the books. Let us know the facts. Let us see what these institutions rest upon. Let us find out what is the origin of these great fortunes. A man retired from the iron business about ten years ago and found himself possessed of a fortune of \$150,000,000. He has been receiving on that fortune invested in the stock of the new company an income of over seven millions a year, \$20,000 a day. This man retires from all productive activity and receives for the rest of his lifetime 150 times as much as the President of the United States. By virtue of that fortune he is hailed as one of the great philanthropists of our time and the public press rings with his praises, even the religious press joining the unthinking worship. We want to know where that wealth comes from. If it belongs to this man, if he has a clear right to it, if he is worth that income to the people of this nation, no one will disturb him in its possession. But if its accumulation has meant robbery, privation, want, poverty, the stunting and dwarfing of thousands of men, women and children—as the Pittsburgh Survey has clearly proved to all who read and think, we want to know that, and we are going to know that, and we are going to force the people of this country, whether they want to or not, to know exactly what it means. A consideration of the rights and welfare of all demands that we investigate this matter to the bottom."

When we make that proposal, what is the answer we receive? We are told it is none of our business. We are met with the answer of Pilate: "Knowest thou not that I have power to let you live and I have power to crush you?" We are told that there is nothing to discuss. We are met, in other words, by the response of blind Brute Force. We are given to understand that our one chance to live depends on our keeping silent on these questions, and thousands in every profession are learning that lesson to perfection. The only thing we are permitted to do is to get on the right side of this great commercial machine, if we can. If we can do that, we are safe, though the price is our manhood. If we cannot, we are ruthlessly crushed.

The Preacher's Peril

Says the man who fears to have men know the methods of acquiring property: "If you speak of these things in the pulpit, you must take the consequences. I will do what in me lies to silence every such voice. I will pay my money to the men who keep well within the line of safety, who preach the simple, old-fashioned gospel of salvation in the world to come. I will let that man live who confines himself to theology, who never says anything which could possibly offend the conscience of any selfish person. But the man who has anything to say that stirs hope in the hearts of the hopeless or courage in the souls of the despairing, that man shall starve. He shall be branded as an anarchist or by some other name which will bring upon him the suspicion and hatred of the powers that be. There is no room on this earth for the established order if such men are permitted to be at large."

This is the situation to which we have come in this country, and we cannot too soon know it. It is well that we should see it plainly and decide where we propose to stand. We shall stand with Caesar or we shall stand with Jesus—we cannot stand with both. But wherever we may decide to stand in the conflict of our day—incomparably a more vital conflict than that which made the names of Theodore Parker and William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Abraham Lincoln, immortal—let us not lose sight of one thing: THE CREED OF THIS COMMERCIALISM IS A LIE. There does not exist on this earth a single institution which can escape the closest scrutiny of the eye of justice. Justice is a solvent which nothing can resist. It has dissolved empires, and it will effect the dissolution of every form of rulership founded on force. It has dissolved superstitions and it will dissolve others, whether they be in the realm of religion or in that of industry or politics. We cannot hide ourselves, our property, our conduct, or our theories from the light of truth. The Caesars are gone and their empire has melted away. The tyranny of the Stuarts and Tudors and Georges has vanished. "The mills of gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small; though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all." Spain four hundred years ago was the foremost nation of the earth. To-day she has fallen to the rank of a fifth rate power. The House of Hapsburg appealed not to reason or justice, or truth or humanity, but always to brute force. She took the sword, and though she waited long, she has well-nigh perished by the sword. We boast of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, as if it were proof against the demoralizing infection of injustice and corruption. So boasted once the great Latin race. Yesterday it held the scepter of universal empire. To-day the descendants of the Caesars are laying railroad ties and wielding the shoe brush.

Brute Force decides nothing. It can never consummate justice, by whomsoever exercised. And we shall have neither peace nor prosperity till we have justice. The appeal to force from above will be met by the appeal to force from below. The assassins of the avenues will continue to spawn the assassins of the alleys. The anarchists of the counting rooms

will continue to breed the anarchists of the slums. And by the same token justice and truth will call forth justice and truth. It lies in the power of men and women now to say whether the social and industrial development of the coming years shall be peaceful and happy, or warlike and sorrowful.

Heroes Needed Now.

The day has gone by when any man could separate himself from his fellows, could disavow moral and social responsibility and have his claim allowed. Your interests are mine, and my interests are yours. You cannot lift your hand or launch your life in the world of industry without taking the destinies of others into your keeping. You are answerable, not simply to your own conscience, but to an awakening world conscience. No man can be permitted to wield any social power, save as that power is under the control of all the people and subject to their immediate demand. No man or group of men must any longer be permitted any title of ownership in that upon which others depend for their living. The awakened soul of to-day is seeing that religion is fundamentally bound up in the bread question.

"Careless seems the Great Avenger; history's pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—

Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,

Standeth God within the shadows, keeping watch above his own.

"We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,

Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate.

But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,

List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic caves within—

"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till the Lord is crucified,

And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,

While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,

Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline

To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,

By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design."

"For humanity sweeps onward—where to-day the martyr stands,

On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;

Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling jagots burn,

While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return

To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

Solidarity

The name of the new I. W. W. paper at New Castle, Pa., edited by A. M. Stirton, once a Methodist preacher, S-O-L-I-D-A-R-I-T-Y, is spelled out uniquely and ingeniously with letters composed of the various tools workmen use. It stands uncompromisingly for the working class and its complete emancipation. Ably edited. Weekly, \$1.00 per year.

Greeting from a Loyal Veteran

Danville, Ill., Jan. 2, 1910.

DEAR BRO. CARR: A Happy New Year to you and yours, and to the whole CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST printing and editorial force.

I wish, while I have pen in hand, to commend the marked ability and truthfulness of your excellent articles on "Socialism and Sex." I think they will do great good wherever read and honestly digested in fair and open minds.

I must also specially commend the grace, beauty and truthfulness of the Rev. Elliott White's article, "The Velvet-Lined Cage," in your 1st of January issue. This issue, as a whole, is one of the best issues you have ever sent forth. The reproduction of Whittier's ringing, stirring and beautiful poem, "Clerical Oppressors," is a strong and timely hit. May it wholesomely cut and sting some uneasy on-the-way-to-Damascus, Pauline consciences among preachers.

You have opened the New Year finely, indeed, and I ardently wish and hope that it may prove to be the most useful and paying year of the paper's history.

May the Divine hand guide and the Divine Spirit glorify its work in the year on which we have just entered.

Your Comrade,

(Rev.) W. B. Gallaher.

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EDITOR
Rev. Edward Ellis Carr

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

REV. BRAD WHITE.....New York City, N. Y.
MR. HARVEY P. MOTEN.....Chicago, Illinois
MR. OSCAR F. DONALDSON.....Webster City, Iowa
REV. GEORGE WILSON COOK.....Boston, Massachusetts
MR. GEORGE H. BRADSHAW.....Newark, New Jersey
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REV. W. B. GALLAGHER.....Danville, Illinois
REV. CARL D. THOMPSON.....Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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office money orders or express orders.

The magnificent article by Rev. William
Thurston Brown in this issue finds striking em-
phasis in the present situation at Spokane. Com-
rades, this is a great number to circulate widely.
Order a bundle, if you possibly can. One cent
per copy in bundles of ten or more, \$4 for 500,
\$7.50 for 1,000.

We beseech you to read every word of the
terrible account of the battle of the Industrial
Workers for free speech at Spokane. We are
compelled by much evidence to believe that the
account is true. It is the Los Angeles fight over
again upon a larger scale. May it result in a
larger victory for the workers!

The people of America must battle as never
before for two of their largest liberties—free
speech and a free press. IF FREEDOM OF
SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS CAN BE
PREVENTED THE BALLOT WILL SOON
BE GONE and then there is nothing left but
bloody revolution.

LET THE PEOPLE WHO WANT LIB-
ERTY BEWARE.

Anyone who wishes to give money to help
the comrades may send it to Spokane Free
Speech Defense, Box 895, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho,
as money for this purpose is not safe if sent to
the city of Spokane.

General Secretary Goes East

On his eastern lecture trip Rev. W. A. Ward, gen-
eral secretary of the Christian Socialist Fellowship,
may be addressed during January at the following
cities: General Delivery: Elwood, Ind., Jan. 17;
Fostoria, O., Jan. 20; Sandusky, O., Jan. 25; Batavia,
N. Y., Jan. 27; Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 31. Any Centers,
Party Branches or Comrades wishing lectures from
him will please write him as above in good time. All
Pennsylvania Comrades wishing lectures by Rev.
Ward will please write to State Secretary Robert
Ringler, 347 Spruce street, Reading, Pa.

The fact of the matter is, just between ourselves,
that the wealthy man, instead of planning how he
can muzzle the preacher, often goes home from
church wondering why the man in the pulpit talked
so feebly and genially of psychology, the "modern
spirit," and the beauties of good nature, instead of
telling him he was lax and cowardly and ease-loving
in the field of his higher duties and warning him to
quit his meanness and remember that there is a
God in Israel.—Ex.

Yes, doubtless the wealthy church member often
wonders why his preacher is so cowardly and inane—
but if said preacher would really awake to manhood
and preach the whole truth the wealthy member
would soon make his power felt. The time-serving
preacher is despised by the rich—the true prophet
is hated. Nevertheless, the preacher who fails to
preach like Jesus did about riches is a fraud in a
"Christian" pulpit.

Socialism and Sex

A Frank Discussion of Socialism in Relation to Free Love, Marriage,
Home, Childhood and Divorce

By Rev. Edward Ellis Carr, Editor of the Christian Socialist

[Owing to the number of interesting comments and
criticisms that have been sent, we will omit the
Sex articles from the next issue in order to print
the comments. And we assure you that the com-
ments and criticisms, with the editor's replies, will
be very interesting. We will resume the articles
(D. V.) in the Feb. 15 number.]

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IX. Love's Harvest

The grass is sweeter than the ground:
Can love be finer than its flowers?

He heard the baby's weary plaint;
He heard the mother's soothing words;
And sitting in his hushed restraint,
One voice was murmur of the birds,
And one the hymning of a saint.

They sprouted like the prophet's gourd!
They grew within a single night;
So swift his busy years were scored
That, ere he knew, his hope was white
With harvest bending round his board!

—Holland.

Comparatively few people are aware of the all-
permeating, incalculable influence of our sex-nature
in the development of individual bodies, minds and
souls, and its fundamental and far-reaching power
to develop soul communion, unity of being, and so-
cial solidarity and co-operation; but every sane per-
son recognizes its importance and should recog-
nize its sacredness as a means of propagating the
race.

Nothing can be holier than the sex-functions. By
them we enter into the Secret Place of the Most
High and assist at the sublime task of creating new
bodies and souls to suffer and rejoice, to win glory
or shame. It is not strange that certain of the an-
cients adopted the male organs as particular sym-
bols of worship, recognizing God's creative power
in them. Abraham (Gen. 24:2) and Jacob (Gen.
47:29) required the most solemn oaths to be sworn
with the affirmer's hand laid reverently upon them,
and the Hebrews' custom of circumcision is but a
recognition of God as the source of life. His power
and grace as the hope of posterity, and the dedica-
tion of their highest powers to His service. Sex
is sacred, sublime, divine, creative, and the man
who does not recognize God, holiness, responsibility
and dignity in his sex-life is ignorant, degraded and
well nigh hopeless. If the divinity of one's sex-
nature is truly recognized, and the organs of pro-
creation are consecrated to their proper uses, purity,
strength, usefulness and joy are certain; for sex
is not only the source of life, but the mainspring
of personal power and social influence. And when
the principles involved in human sex-relations are
fully applied to society, mankind will be saved from
degradation, war, robbery, want, misery and sin.
Love is "the greatest thing in the world." It means
complete social salvation.

If boys and girls were told the plain truth about
themselves by wise and reverent teachers, and if
men and women would fairly inform themselves
concerning their sex life, a splendid improvement
would speedily be manifest in general health, mor-
als and efficiency. When the mists of capitalist
brutality have rolled away we may expect these vital
truths to become generally known.

Ignorance of the purposes of fire and the laws
that govern it makes fire a terror and a destruction
to the lower animals, and the misuse of fire by
man will cause ruin; yet without fire, tools, machin-
ery and social progress would have been impossible.
Ignorance of the purposes and laws of our sex-nature
and the misuse of it have wrought measureless mis-
ery, degradation and destruction; but a wise and
proper use of it will bring joy, power and progress
individually and socially.

The Right of Parenthood

Whether "children have a right to be born" is
a question beneath which are problems of sociology
too deep for us now; but the right of a healthy,
loving, married pair to realize the dear hope of fruit-
age from their united lives is unquestionable. What
a precious, thrilling, impatient hope that is!

As the ardent glances of lovers reveal a small
image of each in the other sweetheart's eyes, there is
hidden in both their timid yet glowing hearts the
tender hope of seeing that image take larger form
in future fact. The married man and woman who
do not long to feel in their arms the priceless proof
of complete union with each other have never truly
loved and lack an essential evidence of their normal
humanity.

Yet thousands of couples who greatly desire
children dare not have them owing to the cost
of living. Multitudes of young people must marry
without the suggested \$1,000 per year, or never
marry at all. They marry, perhaps expecting that
both will be able to earn wages for a few years
until they get economic power to maintain a family;
but children have a strange way of slipping through
the best kept marital hedges! and consternation soon
seizes the young pair as the prospect of their un-
prepared-for responsibility is manifest.

Shall they commit murder, or face the struggle of

life with three to consume and only one to earn?
Some answer this terrible query one way and some
another, but the presence of such a frightful, hor-
rible quandary in the nest of love is a damning in-
dictment of modern civilization. Millions of babies
are murdered unborn for fear of want in a world
of plenty! And in the average home the prospect
of a new life causes the parents to feel like hang-
ing crepe on the door—it is worse than death—not
because they do not wish a darling image of them-
selves to love and cherish, but because they dread
the intensified struggle for bread and deplore their
inability to give the coming guest a suitable wel-
come and a fair chance in life.

After the first child is born, the young pair love
it so dearly that they are soon partly reconciled to
the postponement of their purpose of buying a
home, and by the time three or four more nurs-
lings have found their way to their arms all hope
of competency is gone. Drudgery, poverty, worry and
disappointment have come to abide. So their lives
are impoverished and enslaved by the very love that
should have glorified them, and their fate does not
encourage other young folks to try the same plan.
Thus the curse of capitalism blocks the very gate of
life and blights those who dare to open it.

The natural inconvenience and pain of child-bear-
ing is hindrance enough, and Socialism will remove
the terror and burden of poverty from all parents'
hearts. God speed the day! "And the streets of the
city shall be full of boys and girls playing." (Zech.
8:5.)

Workingmen Supply the World's Life

All things considered, however, there is little oc-
casion for the frantic warning against "race suicide."
In general the seeds of life are being planted too
thick at present for the best grades of grain to
ripen, and the mills of life work overtime grinding
out their precious grist all too rapidly for the cruel
marts of mammon. And if the overwise people of
the "upper classes," who might easily bear it, shirk
the responsibility of parenthood, it is well; for they
who are so selfishly careful of their own convenience
are not really fit to populate the earth. The race
needs better parentage. And the working folks,
whose virile bodies and minds produce the wealth
of the world, are the ones who ought to people it,
and they are doing so. The offspring of a sturdy
workman's love is far better than the weak fruit-
age of the blasé parasite.

"How God must love the common people," ex-
claimed Lincoln; "for he has made so many of
them!" He is making them yet, at the rate of tens
of thousands every day, and there is no reason for
supposing that the stock will soon run out!

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich
in faith," love and fruitfulness, "and heirs of the
kingdom?" Farmers, wage-workers and preachers
seem most prolific, partly because they do not mur-
der so many unborn babes. And peopling the earth
from the bottom layers of society, economically
speaking, affords several advantages to progress:
(1) The laboring man, whose toil is not too hard,
begets more sturdy, active children than the enervated
rich man; (2) The sons of workmen furnish the
leading inventors, writers, ministers, business men
and statesmen. They are the ones who have pushed
the race forward and upward; (3) They are more
apt, on account of their origin and early ideals, to
stand for democracy and real social progress; (4)
The world can never be civilized and saved until its
foundation class, the producers of wealth and teach-
ers of righteousness, are fully emancipated and re-
cognized as supreme; (5) The larger the proportion
of proletarian population the sooner will the revolu-
tion occur.

So God lets the parasites commit class suicide and
continually keeps the race fresh, strong, hopeful and
progressive with the unfailing, fertile seed of work-
ing peoples. He is preparing for the time now draw-
ing quickly near when "He will shake His hand
upon" the exploiting classes and "they shall be a
spoil to their servants," the producers. (Zech. 3:9.)

It is a glorious privilege and sacred duty for
those who are truly awake to the signs of the times
to bear children for service in the social revolution.
Surely their stock is fittest to survive—and the
cause will need many workers, teachers, voters and
perhaps warriors before it is won. As George How-
ard Gibbon says:

"A common man is the divinest being
That God begets and mother-love conceives;
A common woman, so with God agreeing,
Can give Him sons to-day if she believes."

"Brood lovingly and labor, blessed mothers,
In hope of other sons of Godlike kind;
Jesus, the elder, must have many brothers,
Before the incarnate glory is defined."

X. Children's Rights

Children surely "have a right to be born" many,
if born at all.

1. Children Have a Right to Be Born Healthy

Capitalism is undermining the health of the wage-
workers by oppression, insanitary conditions and
adulterated foods, while it is ruining the health of
the rich by gluttony, idleness and dissipation. The
army reports of Germany, France, England and

America show that within fifty years the average size and availability of the people for military service have decidedly decreased. This is because the machine-age works men too long, too fast and at wages too low to afford proper nourishment and recreation. **THE AMERICAN PEOPLE PAY OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY FOR ADULTERATIONS IN THEIR FOOD-STUFFS ALONE.** This does not include the enormous adulterations in all sorts of liquors and tobacco. Coffee and milk are subject to glaring fraud. And the very medicine you buy to save the life of your sick wife or baby is 17 per cent adulteration, if not a complete substitute!

In addition to overwork, worry and bad food, millions of wage-workers labor and dwell in bad air, bad light and amidst bad plumbing. And the filthy toilet rooms spread frightful diseases.

PROFITS MUST BE MADE IF WHOLE RACES PERISH! And children born of such parents and reared in such unhealthy conditions cannot be well. They are cursed from their birth.

When the profit system is abandoned all adulterations will cease because there will be no incentive for them whatsoever. The people being their own masters and owners of the factories, mines and mills they work in will see that light, air, room, cleanliness and cheer abound, and the work-day will be scarcely longer than is needed for healthful exercise. The homes will also be sanitary, cheerful and commodious, physicians will make no profit out of sickness but must seek to prevent disease, venereal diseases will cease with the passing of filth and prostitution, health will abound and children will be born well.

2. Children Have a Right to Be Born Fresh and Vigorous

One often hears it said of a slow, lethargic person: "He was born tired." And the remark draws laughter, as if it were a joke. It is no joke, but a tragic fact. The man was "born tired." His father was for years worn down and impoverished by drudgery and improper or insufficient food; he was beaten and discouraged in the hopeless battle of life; he was worried by wants that could not be met and by bills that could not be paid; he was overworked and weary when the butt of this sad joke was begotten; and the mother, weary and heart-sick before the child was conceived, bore him as an additional weight upon over-weary body and soul for dreary months at her endless tasks by day and night. **HE WAS BORN TIRED**—whereas every child has a right to be born rested and ready for all that life has to offer.

A child born tired can never be what he ought to be—and he will wreak terrible vengeance on society for the robbery suffered before his birth. His kind fill the hospitals, jails, almshouses, insane asylums and homes for the feeble-minded. They are the inefficient, the beggars, the spreaders of disease. They are the ones who fail, whose deformities, crimes and cries give society no rest and peace. **THEY ARE THE ULCERS ON THE BODY POLITIC, THE THORNS IN THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE**—and thus they may also prove a blessing as well as a curse, if we heed the lesson they force so unpleasantly upon us.

The Socialists believe that every child has a right to be born of fully-rested, joyous, vigorous parents, so that he may come bounding through the portals of life strong, glad, free and eager for the fray.

3. Children Have a Right to Be Born Welcome

Nothing is sadder than the mother who drags about the hopeless burden of an unwanted child, except that accident of lust and slavery, the unwelcome child itself. And when Socialism has freed woman from economic dependence on the lust of man and taught her the necessary truths concerning her own body, the most unnatural product of outraged nature, the unwelcome child, will cease to be. Every child has a divine, imperative, inalienable right to be earnestly desired, prepared for and deliberately planted in the warm garden of love like a rare and priceless seed; he has a right to be deeply meditated upon, ardently loved, earnestly prayed for and impatiently longed for while he rests forming and quickening beneath his mother's heart; he has a right to be carefully prepared for, eagerly awaited and royally welcomed when he reaches the outer world.

"There is nothing so beautiful, sweet and precious as a baby boy," said a charming woman, "except a baby girl." And every true heart will echo the sentiment. And whether the new baby proves to be a boy or a girl it has "equal rights." The keys of the heart and of the home belong to it as a birth-right, yea, as a *conception-right*—else it should never have been summoned from the great unknown. But even if its conception was not deliberately planned the new life should be lovingly welcomed, cultivated and prepared for as soon as its first signs appear. Children thus begotten, loved and cared for will be as superior to others as cultured roses are to the weed-crowded, uncared-for, impoverished wild varieties.

4. Children Have a Right to Be Born of Genuine Love

When the social revolution is won, no longer shall gold-hunting profligates beget weak, sin-laden offspring from silly title-hunting heiresses of stolen wealth; no longer shall the chief concern of marriage be the size of farm or bank account; no longer shall the economic position of a workman prove the winning card in a courting game; no longer shall filthy lucre tempt impoverished women to risk illegitimate motherhood. Marriage will be for love alone, and children will be conceived in the holy, happy, soul-melting union of adoring mates, gestated

in joy and sacred tenderness, born in boundless hope and nurtured in the warmth and brightness of true parental love unhindered by poverty. Then children will be strong, bright, glad, loving, noble—a speechless pride and joy to their parents' hearts and an honor to society. A few generations of such children will transform the race into Sons of God indeed.

"But suppose a fellow cannot win the girl he loves?" Then let him marry the other girl he loves! for the heart is not dependent upon a single cast of the line—and a man may not honorably or wisely keep on loving a woman that is married to another! The person who continues to mourn and mope and remain single and sigh for a woman that scorns his love or that is already folded in the embraces of another man needs mental treatment. He wants an injection of plain common sense, honor and manly spirit.

To be sure, one's first love is best, other things being equal, and those who have the rare privilege of marrying the one he or she first glorified with the innocent, spontaneous, mystic, timid, painful, rapturous, romantic affection of dawning youth are blest indeed. To hold in one's arms a wedded mate between whom and one's self no other dream has ever come is a privilege comparable only to the matchless romance of Adam and Eve in Eden. The chances of such a marriage being happy—other things being equal—are greater and more numerous than in any other case. And the relations of such a pair ought to be harmonious and heavenly. Yet inexcusable folly often wrecks even such a prospect. Wisdom is as needful in matrimony as love.

But, my dear fellow-with-the-disappointed-heart, do you not remember how hard it was for you to make up your mind which to choose—Jane, or Martha? Or whether to wait until you might have a chance to gain more knowledge of life and look a little further? Do not be a chump now. Martha, or Betsy, or Bertha, or Mary, or Marcella would probably do equally as well if you had the intelligence to win any one of them and be true. *For love is not born of a chance meeting or of one possible combination out of a million which if one misses he is undone forever.* Love is born of mutual needs, adaptability, intelligent response and loyalty. Of course a brute on one side, or a tergiversant on the other, or an absolute fool on either, will ruin matrimonial prospects; but the average man could and would love the average woman, and vice versa, if they would really get well acquainted and be loyal to each other, for the simple reason that the average man and woman have each in themselves those powers of body, qualities of mind and possibilities of soul which the other craves and must have for life-satisfaction. The Sabine women, though carried away by force and chosen by chance, soon learned to love their husbands. Even many whose mating is decided by mercenary motives find the joy of mutual love if they are loyal to their marriage vows. Men and women need each other so much in so many ways, their mutual ministry is so manifold, that, unless some unusual misfortune befalls them or they are guilty of some stupendous folly, they will grow together in the bonds of matrimony into blissful, restful union. And when the babies come, if the parents' hearts are worthy, the bonds are welded past all breaking. But if people have no sense of the sanctity of marriage; if they browse in forbidden pastures, trifle with others of the opposite sex, or foolishly brood on "what might have been," they are sure to be unhappy.

A love match is one that is not made for money, position, or other selfish side-issue, but is based on mutual admiration, friendship, mutual needs and responsive desires, and the honest purpose to be thoroughly faithful to each other. Such a marriage, followed by considerate conduct, reasonable patience and forgiveness of natural faults and failings, and righteous loyalty, will deepen love and produce true children of love.

THERE IS PLENTY OF LOVE to satisfy every one who will sincerely, earnestly strive to be worthy of its blessings, if only the people were freed from the cruel blight of mammon.

5. Children Have a Right to Monogamous Homes

Food, clothes and learning are not all of human need. Heart-culture and heart-rest are of chief importance. Promiscuity would make the home impossible and would destroy nearly if not quite all the sanctity of parenthood and the love of children for their parents. Social love could never take the place of personal, individual love. We need Socialism to protect and develop true individualism, not to destroy it. And oh how the tender hands of little children draw and bind with resistless power the hearts of their parents together even under the disadvantages of capitalism! How the parents' love for each other increases, deepens, strengthens, sweetens and ennobles in the light of a child's face! And how often, when patience was exhausted and hope of happiness gone, the omnipotent hands of a little child have held its parents together, prevented divorce and nourished into blessed bloom and fruitage a love they thought was dead past all hope of restoration!

Yes, the rule of the child means the end of lust, of selfishness, of sexual anarchy. It means HOME—with one man and one woman in it and the arms of happy children circling reverently around them to support its central throne.

6. Children Have a Right to Be Born Heirs of All Earth's Riches and Opportunities

Oh the tired, weak, unhappy, hopeless children in the hovels of the poor! Millions, hundreds of millions of little buds of promise that will never have a chance to bloom! They will live their meager, limited, toilsome, miserable lives and die with all their

divinest possibilities still buried in them. Millions will slave, waste, blight and die in mills, mines and factories. Millions more will grow up in ignorance, brutality and crime. In spite of Christ's solemn, terrible warning tens of thousands of American church officials are piling up criminal, bloody fortunes crushed out of the broken lives of little children.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,

And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

"For, oh!" say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
We fall upon our faces trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;
For all day we drag our burden tiring;
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round."

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see.
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Diety.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's
heart—
Stifle down with a matted heel its palpitating,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

—Mrs. Browning.

Do you know that in our own boasted nation the average boy and girl do not get through the sixth grade of the common schools? Of what use to them are the glories of forest, field, hill, stream, sea and sky? What can they ever know of poetry, music, sculpture, painting, history, science and philosophy? What chance have they to learn the finer meanings of life, love, duty, joy, opportunity? They are doomed to toil, to poverty, to ignorance, to misery, to crime in countless instances through no fault of theirs. **THIS IS THE CRIME OF THE AGES.**

Jesus said: And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth Me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.—Matt. 18:5-6; Mark 9:42, and Luke 17:2.

AND WE SOCIALISTS SWEAR BY ALL THAT IS JUST AND HOLY THAT THE ROBBERS AND MURDERERS OF CHILDHOOD—THE HERODS OF CAPITALISM—SHALL BE DETHRONED FOREVER, AND THAT EVERY CHILD SHALL HAVE WORTHY CARE AND EDUCATION AND AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY WITH EVERY OTHER CHILD TO DEVELOP AND ENJOY THE RICHES AND SPLENDORS OF THE EARTH. And if that will destroy the home, then we declare, fearless of God or man, that the home ought to be and shall be destroyed! But every person who is not a hopeless fool well knows, in spite of the mutterings of libertines on the one hand and self-seeking hypocrites on the other, that such children will preserve and glorify the home while time lasts.

7. Children's Rights Must Rule

The baby is the real social center, the supreme issue, the only autocrat whose throne is secure. He rules our hopes and warms our hearts for years from the far, mysterious realm out of which he finally emerges into our homes. From the hour when the first sign of his approach rewards our eager hearts, he absorbs our dreams and lays heavy tribute on our toil and means. And when, weary with waiting, our arms at last press him close to our triumphant breasts, he is enthroned as king forever. Everything now revolves around him. Mary is no longer "wife" but "mother." George is "papa." Tom becomes "uncle," Sue is "auntie," and "father" is lost in "grandpa." If there is already a child in the home, it loses its proper name and becomes merely "brother" or "sister." The heat, the ventilation, the light must all be regulated to suit the baby. Frolics must end that he may sleep, and when the royal elf refuses to sleep at the time we humble mortals think he should we become his submissive slaves and turn night into day to wait upon and coddle him. You "don't believe in 'revolution'?" Then never have a baby!

Not only does he rule as infant, but as boy or girl. Parents spend a large part of their lives planning and toiling for their children. As it is now, but for the children they could live in better quarters, have more leisure, freely attend lectures, concerts, plays, etc. But their money goes for food, clothes, books, skates, balls and a hundred things that children need. *The parents' lives are a living sacrifice and all things bend to the welfare of their*

young. Is it strange that some refuse to burden themselves with such responsibilities?

If the boys and girls could only know what toil and care, what expense and anxiety, what pain and prayer, what groans and tears they cost their parents, their hearts would melt and they would be better for the knowledge!

But if our children "turn out well" and make a reasonable success in life, our dearest hopes are fulfilled and we calmly, thankfully face the end of our pilgrimage feeling that our life-work is well done. And the children lay these burdens on their parents' hearts by rights that cannot be ignored. To PROPAGATE THE RACE IS AS IMPORTANT AS TO LIVE.

Childhood Demands the Social Revolution

But supplying children is a social service and parents must be freed from the terrible bondage, toil and sacrifice that the capitalist system lays upon them. Under Socialism they will have all the comforts and assistance that they need in connection with their sublime responsibility, and the heavier burdens of parenthood will be removed to the shoulders of society where it belongs and where its weight will be light as a feather.

And "children's rights" mean world-wide revolution in government, commerce, industry, education and all that makes life bliss or curse.

It is not for themselves nor their fellows, but for children yet unborn that patriotic heroes bleed on frightful battlefields or die on shameful scaffolds. Self-love in noblest souls yields freely, gladly, proudly, wisely to race-love. The "soldiers of the common good" are ever inspired by a vision of the coming generations. Parents and patriots alike live and labor and struggle and die for the young.

And as mankind is slowly coming to social consciousness the welfare of the children is its chief concern. In the eyes of the least ardent humanitarian to-day child-slavery is our worst social crime. And the first work of Social-Democrats in office in the many cities of Europe where they have power, is to provide free schools, free books, free meals, free clothes, free medicines and free recreation to the children of the poor! There are cities in Europe now that have no hungry children because the Socialists have obtained power enough to save them from such suffering! Thus the kingdom of heaven has actually begun on earth.

And in the light of the children's right to be born right, to be properly cared for and educated, and to have opportunity for a real human life, complete development and noble achievement the social revolution is sure, and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" for "a little child shall lead them."

Wisconsin Notes

The Social-Democratic supervisors of Milwaukee have demanded an investigation of the treatment of the poor in the Milwaukee almshouse. One of our Socialist members of the County Board, keeping his eyes open, witnessed a brutal scene, in which an old and decrepit woman was harshly treated. He immediately called for a thorough investigation of the conditions to which the paupers of Milwaukee are subjected. Here again may be seen the need of electing Socialists to office. The old party politicians care nothing for the welfare of the helpless inmates of such institutions, so long as they can feather their own nests.

That the Milwaukee Social-Democrats are proof against all temptations to make trades with the old party politicians has again been clearly proved. The Milwaukee Board of Supervisors has just been electing a member of the Board of Trustees of County Institutions. This is an important position, and gives control of the almshouse, poor department, County Hospital, House of Correction, Home for Dependent Children, etc. If we could have elected a Social-Democrat as one of these trustees, he would have held the balance of power and could have accomplished much. Two hundred and thirty-two ballots were taken before a choice was reached, as a majority was necessary to an election, and neither Republicans nor Democrats have an absolute majority on the Board of Supervisors, while the Social-Democrats have six out of sixteen and lead the other parties. It would have been easy to have made a trade with the old party members and thus have elected the Social-Democratic candidate, but our men, of course, withstood the temptation. The Social-Democratic candidate received just the six Social-Democratic votes, and a Republican was elected by combined Republican and Democratic votes. It is a case where defeat is honorable.

Comrade Meta Berger, wife of Victor L. Berger, is doing good work on the Milwaukee School Board. She is giving especial attention to the Milwaukee Trade School, which has been a source of great expense to the city with very small results. The boys who attend this school seldom complete the entire course, and thus the school is steadily turning out cheap workers who compete with the skilled trades unionists, much to the disadvantage of union labor. Of course, the manufacturers on the Trade School Committee had no objection to this state of things. Comrade Meta Berger, however, has stirred up a discussion of these conditions and proposes to remedy them by refunding to the boys when they graduate the price of their materials, thus giving them a motive for sticking to the course till the finish. They are now paying \$4 a month for their materials. This measure proposed by Mrs. Berger has been favorably passed on by the committee and will probably pass the board. This will mean a complete reform of the trade school. Here again is the advantage of electing a Socialist woman and a trade unionist's wife to the School Board.

E. H. Thomas, State Secretary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY GEORGE H. STROBEL,
5 Lincoln Park, Newark, N. J.

I am always a little disposed to scoff at alleged attempts to destroy the party and at stories of conspiracies to secure certain ends told by men of lurid imagination. But the method of balloting foisted on our unsuspecting party by a referendum looks like a plot and lends some color to the cries of the alarmists. Such things could not be if the Socialists one naturally looks to for knowledge were more informed on other subjects besides Socialism. The Spence-Hare and other systems of proportional representation are fair, and in use in various places. Why should a scheme be adopted that works solely in the interests and for the gratification of a very small spite minority? To give an example, here are a thousand voters, 750 of them desire Berger and credit him with the lowest number, their choice giving him 750. The other 250 of the thousand dislike his policies and, there being 27 candidates, credit him with 27 members each. That gives him 250x27=6750 plus 750=7500, and enables men of secondary standing at the polls with a few ones, a few twos, a sprinkling of threes and fours, and a great majority of medium members to get the winning lowest number. The party ought to study the Spence-Hare system and change once more.

It is now known that the prosecution of I. W. W. speakers at Spokane was initiated by the politicians because of their fear of indictment by an aroused public sentiment for thievery and malfeasance in office. Under cover of the excitement caused by these arrests, over 400 in number, the dear people whose rights were endangered by street speaking, have forgotten all about the wrongdoing.

That the workers of Persia are really awakening is shown by an immense demonstration recently held in Teheran to protest the killing of Ferrer by the Spanish government. The city took on the appearance of a festival and during the parade the great number who lined the streets joined the marchers in an enthusiastic rendering of the Marseillaise and the International. In Turkey similar demonstrations were held, the one at Salonica being especially impressive, the workers taking occasion to emphasize the internationality of the working class. The "backward nations" seem to be forging ahead of some of the so-called Christian and civilized countries.—Cleveland Citizen.

There are some Sauls also among the prophets. "There will come a day when the people will rise in righteous revolt against these enemies of the nation and drive them from the high places they have taken by stealth and treachery."—La Follette.

"Universal suffrage and universal education means universal revolution. Nothing can stay the rising tide of Socialism all over the world, equally in England and America and on the continent of Europe. It may not be—pray God it be not—a revolution of brutality and crime."—Henry Watterson.

The British Labor Leader, a Socialist paper of Manchester, has been housed in its own building and will soon be turned into a labor daily. The workers took hold and showed what can be done.

Eugene V. Debs makes the prediction that this year the Socialist party will elect its first member to Congress. Debs names the Third district of Kansas and one of the Milwaukee districts as good fighting ground.

Labor politics is being talked of in the Dominion. At a recent election a labor candidate was elected in a legislative district of Quebec and there is a strong sentiment now in favor of making an aggressive campaign to organize for independent political action.

I have received a little booklet, "Hear Ye Him," by A. G. Swanson, 1124 Sampson street, San Diego, Cal., which contains some good points not before brought out.

Notice

For small checks on all banks east of the Mississippi river we have to pay ten cents exchange, except checks on banks at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

Checks on banks in the west have to pay from ten to twenty cents extra. Twenty cents exchange on a fifty-cent check is 40 per cent. We have been pulled to that extent, and often we have to pay twenty cents on \$1 and \$2 checks.

It is impossible to continue this. There is no margin of profit to pay exchange on these checks. The CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST could not run at its present price if it were not for the constant donations received.

NEVER SEND CHECKS UNLESS YOU INCLUDE THE EXTRA AMOUNT FOR EXCHANGE. And never send drafts on small banks. We have to pay exchange on most of the drafts received. Drafts on

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